SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY COURIER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1826.

(Continued from the last Page.)

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The Third Day's Drawing will take place on Friday, the 28th July.

English News.

THE COURIER.—MARCH 6.

TO MALACHI MALAGROWTHER, ESQ.

Waverley Honour, Feb. 28, 1826.

MY DEAR COUSIN.—Distant as our relationship is I can never hesitate to acknowledge it, out of respect to that illustrious person whom fame reports to be our common progenitor.

I thank you for sending me a copy of your "Thoughts on the proposed Change of our Currency, and other late Alterations, as they affect, or are intended to affect, the *Kingdom of Scotland*," and I hope you will take, in good part, the criticism which I cannot, I own, repress on this production.

I never can cease to feel a deep interest in every thing that relates to Scotland. I have Scotch blood in my veins, derived from my grandmother, the celebrated Rose Bradwardine; and by the increase of manufactures and the improvements of agriculture, the estate of Tully Veolan, which I derive from her, gives me a still more substantial claim to concern myself in Scottish affairs.

I, therefore, need, I hope, make no apology for the following observations, which as a *Briton*, deriving my blood from the Caledonians and the Saxons, and possessing property both in Scotland and England, I think myself not merely justified, but, in honour and conscience, obliged to make.

I need not tell *you* that the remoteness of our relationship, and our residence (to say nothing of *principles*) has precluded any acquaintance between me and the Malagrowthers, but I confess that I am surprised, as well as concerned, to find in you so little resemblance to our common parent.

He was not only one of the ablest men of his day in all the walks of literature, but he sweetened even the bitter cup of politics with candour and good humour, and, in all the ordinary intercourse of life, was cheerful, friendly, right-headed, and, above all, right-hearted. You, on the contrary, make it your boast that you are poor and peevish—a growler by profession—one who suffers under a chronic jaundice—and I fear that, in addition to the amiable picture which you thus draw of yourself, it may be shown that your reasoning is no better than your temper, and that, to borrow poor Sheridan's elaborate sarcasm, you draw on your fancy for your facts, and on your memory for your jokes.

It is not the least proof of how much you degenerate from the good taste of your illustrious progenitor, that you have thought the peevishness, which might be excused in the hasty columns of a newspaper, worth preserving in the more permanent shape of a pamphlet.

It is to this pamphlet that I mean to apply my observations; and I shall begin with its title-page, for I think you have fallen into the ominous misfortune of stumbling at the threshold.

The object of your pamphlet is, as this title-page informs us, to complain of the "proposed change of currency, and other late alterations, as they affect, or are intended to affect, the *Kingdom of Scotland*;" and, in the course of your letter, you ridicule and revile all such alterations as either silly or insulting attempts to establish a system of assimilation and uniformity in law, revenue, and commercial finance, between Scotland and England.

Now, Sir, this too candid title page advances a radical error, which pervades your whole letter—*the kingdom of Scotland!* If Scotland were indeed a *kingdom*—a separate and independent sovereignty—the question of uniformity and assimilation might be open to *some*, though certainly not to *all*, the observations you make, but, as the case happens to be, you have mistaken *Sister Peg*, (as you elsewhere are pleased to designate the proud Caledonia) for *Queen Margaret*, and your prognostics, allow me to say, are just of the same force as the opinion of the Empiric, who, having been consulted (in that peculiar mode which was the fashion of his day), on a case which he supposed to be that of a Lady, was so unlucky as to pronounce that a Doctor of Divinity was pregnant, and to prescribe for his reverence certain means and medicaments, altogether unsuitable to the real state of the affair.

You mention in your letter, that you had heard, from your grandfather, of a certain old treaty, called the treaty of Union, and you profess a hope that this obsolete document may even yet be discovered and exhibited in the Museum of Scottish Antiquities.

You need scarcely have told us, that you had never seen this treaty. Every page of your letter, from the title to the colophon, exhibits a happy ignorance both of its enactments and its spirit, but as I have had the good fortune to meet with a copy of this recondite document, I can take upon myself to inform you, that, somewhere about the year 1707, Scotland ceased to be a *kingdom*, as also did England, and the separate nationalities of each were merged in the Imperial name and sovereignty of Great Britain; and I think that your idea of an UNION, which was not lead to assimilation of laws and manners and to identity of feelings and interests, might be expected to have occurred to the blundering brains of Paddy Blake, rather than to the precise and dialectic frame of mind to which the Malagrowthers lay claim.

In most *unions* the bride is expected to assume the name, share of fortunes, and assimilate with the manner, of the husband. Your notion of what was to be expected from Scotland, on her union with England, seems on the contrary, to be like that which your renowned relative, Sir Mungo, entertained of Mrs. Martha Traphois, when she condescended to intermarry with Mr. Ritchie Moniplies. "It seems to me," said the Knight, "that this bride of yours is like to be *master* and *mair* in the conjugal state."

To this little error of your title-page, relative to the KINGDOM of Scotland, you subjoin a scrap o Latin not much more fortunate,—

"Ergo, Caledonia, nomen inane, vale!"

By this motto you must, I suppose, mean that the late and present measures of the Government have reduced your *kingdom* of Scotland to the state of pitiable desertion which that quotation implies.

Now, Sir, as the quotation seems to be of no very modern date, (though it certainly does not belong to classical times) it follows that Ministers, according to your own shewing, are only bringing back Scotland to her pristine state; but moreover, you will admit that nothing has been, in past times, more frequent than a Scotchman's binding farewell to his country—"*Inanitatis causa.*" Let me, however, add, that some of the very measures of which you complain, have tended very much to produce a happier state of things—to substitute wealth and plenty for the said inanity, and the power of living comfortably at home, to the necessity of bidding "*farewell to Caledonia!*"

I have dwelt a little longer on your title-page than perhaps might have been expected; but I am a literary physiognomist, and I thought I saw in the features of your frontispiece, strong characteristics of what was to follow.

If, in consideration of these objections, you should be inclined to alter the title-page of a second edition, I would beg to submit, as an example, not unsuited to the contents of your pamphlet, that curious tract mentioned in the *Bride of Lammermuir*, "*Scott of Scot*-starvit's *staggering state of Scotch Statesmen.*"

I shall now proceed to observe on the successive points of your letter itself.

You begin by complaining of alterations of the *law*, and you expend ten pages in condemning all such innovations in the lump. You complain that the English, so averse to any inroad on their own habits, are yet willing enough to impose them on their neighbours, and "*like the Friars in the Duenna*, the English Monks of the law will tolerate in their lay brethren of the North" the same feeling of respect and attachment to their legal institutions which the English entertain for theirs.

I don't exactly see the drift of this allusion. In the *Duenna*, if I recollect aright, the Monks *denied* to the lay brother a participation in their luxury, whereas your meaning seems to be, that the perverse generosity of the English endeavours to cram these good things down the throats of the reluctant Scotch.

The illustration must, I think, be admitted to be a blunder.

You are very grateful that this spirit of innovation was not applied to Scotland for the first fifty years of the last century; but you are grateful, not so much to the Ministers and Statesmen of those days, as to the "*edges of the Scotch claymores*," to which, with rather less loyalty than belongs to your family, you are pleased to allude.

I shall not stop to inquire whether the *edges of claymores* is a good argument in a question of legal improvement or civil administration, nor will I retort that if *claymores* had *edges* at Preston-pans, *bayonets* and *points* at Culloden; but I will say, that if you meant to excite our sympathy, and to conciliate our good will, towards Scotland, you take a strange mode of doing so by reminding us of her rebellious, at once so silly and so atrocious, and by referring, *as the chosen and regretted period of national happiness*, to those fifty years, during which Scotland was, in the opinion of all mankind (except Malachi Malagrow-there) impoverished and disgraced by disaffection, political bigotry, by tumults against the laws, and by insurrections against the liberties of the land.

But allow me to acquaint you, that your *minatory* allusion is historically false; for the year 1725, just in the middle of that period in which you think your claymores were so influential, one of the first, the greatest, and the most offensive, of our modern innovations, was effected by the Act for Disarming the Highlands.

This Act, I admit, shewed that we thought your claymores dangerous implements, but it shewed, also, that they did not deter the Imperial Parliament from doing its duty by Scotland and by the Empire.

But if the claymores saved your beloved country from innovation during the first half of the century, contempt, you say, secured her during the last.

"Neglected as she was, and perhaps because she "was neglected, Scotland *during the space from* "*the close of the American War to the present day*, "has encreased her prosperity in a ratio *more than* "*five times greater* than that of England."

Such are your own words, such your unequivocal admission *down to the present day too!!!* Scotland has gone on improving, in a five-fold ratio, for fifty years, *down to the present day*, and yet the first part of your letter is full of *complaints* of innovations made within the last five and twenty years, and I will add, what you omit, that, *during the whole of that period*, innovations have been gradually, but steadily, in progress. No year has passed without some moral approximation of Scotland and England, and the result is—National degradation? Public distress? Retrogradation in wealth, happiness, and honour?—No—but a FIVE FOLD *increase in every species of prosperity!*

You are a cynical creature, Malachi, but your disposition to *truth* is stronger even than your bile, and forces itself through the melancholy mist in which a fit of ill humour has shrouded your intellect.

Again—after denouncing all the alterations which, during the last 20 years, have taken place in the law in Scotland as "*the wanton inroads of every juvenile statesman*"—as the "*manglings of junior students in a common dissecting room*"—as, in short, "*experiments in corpore vili*"—you, the very next moment, like a vicious cow, kick down your own pail, and, with the same inconsistent candour which I have just remarked upon, you proceed to contradict, even in terms, every syllable you have written.

"I do not mean to dispute," you say, "that *much alteration* was NECESSARY in our laws, and that much benefit has followed many of the great changes which have taken place. I do not mean to deprecate a gradual approach to the English system, especially in commercial law. The Jury Court, for example, was a fair experiment, in my opinion, cautiously introduced as such, and placed under such regulations as might best assimilate its forms with those of existing Supreme Court."

Could there be, I ask—supposing that Mr. Malachi Malagrowther be a person of authority—could there be a more direct approval of what had been done, or stronger encouragement to proceed in so *beneficial a course*, than the above quoted sentence affords?

But although you are obliged to admit (rather reluctantly I allow, and something in the style of Bullcalf) that the measures themselves have been right and beneficial, you complain that they were not introduced by the *proper persons*. You admit that the haggis is excellent, and the cock-a-leekie as good, as that of which King James and Sir Mungo partook at Castle-Collop*; but it quite turns your stomach to think that they were not prepared by a genuine Scotch cook. Such nicety methinks "savours of affections," and, if the fact were true it would rather be complimentary to those who had studied the Scotch palate with such nice discrimination and such complete success; but I take leave to inform you that your fact is unfounded. As you affect never to have seen the Tready of Union, it is probable that you have no great acquaintance with the Statute Book, and I shall therefore, not refer you to that volume, more formidable than that of the *wizard Scott*, but there are some less recondite sources of information to which I may venture to allude.

I have now before me, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of 1808, an essay, intitled "A View of the changes proposed and adopted in the administration of justice in Scotland." This paper has been attributed to our excellent friend *Sir Walter Scott*, and if you had consulted it you would I think, have avoided some of the errors into which you have fallen; for instance, from it you might have learned that the first "serious alteration" in the constitution of the Scotch Courts was made in 1724, in that first Utopian period during which you imagine that the "*claymore's edge*" kept innovation at a distance, viz. the Act which prohibited the future nomination of extraordinary Lords of Session. The author of the essay does not state who the propounder of the measure was, but I can inform you that it was Mr. Duncan Forbes, one of those eminent men on whom Scotland may justly pride herself.

——— Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et vestræ multum quod proderat urbi.

The next serious alteration appears to have been in that *Second* Utopian period of yours immediately following the American war, when, Sir Walter Scott tells us, that—not an *Englishman*—not a young *State Surgeon*—but Sir Ilay Campbell, a Scotchman—a Scotch lawyer—nay, Lord Advocate, and finally Lord President, of Scotland, introduced an important measure of this nature; and Sir Walter proceeds to inform us, that a few years after (all within the same Utopian period) Lord Swinton, not merely a Scotchman, but a Scotch Judge, made "in a work of great learning and uncommon merit," several of those very proposals, whose adoption Sir Walter seems to recommend, but of which you, on the other hand, highly disapprove. I trust I may be forgiven if, on such a subject, I agree with Sir Walter Scott rather than with Mr. Malachi Malagrowther.

The proposals of Sir Ilay Campbell and Lord Swinton, appear to have been the foundation of the measures for improving the Scotch Courts proposed by the Whig Administration in 1807. I grieve at being obliged to confess that these measures, were proposed by an *Englishman*—not, however, a *young state surgeon* as you apprehend, but, by Lord Grenville, then *Prime Minister*, who probably thought, that in dedicating his great station and valuable time to the conduct of these measures, he was paying a due respect to the importance of the subject, and the feelings of the Scottish people. But, although Lord Grenville introduced them, is it possible that you can be ignorant that they were suggested, prepared, discussed, and approved, by the Scotch part of the Administration; and that, although there was a considerable difference of opinion in Scotland on the subject, it *was* a division of opinion, and that if it was opposed by Scotchmen, it was by Scotchmen also that it was suggested and advocated?

What followed?—When the present Administration (for I agree with you, that the Administration of to-day may be looked upon as essentially the same) succeeded the Whigs, they found that all parties in Scotland were agreed that, after what had passed, something must be done.

For this purpose two Commissions have been successively appointed to inquire into the possible improvement of the Scottish law. You would hardly, I suppose, have had these great and intricate questions decided without some previous inquiry, yet, in the bitterness of your wrath against Ministers, you complain, like Queen Catherine, that

——— There have been *Commissions*
Sent down amongst them which have flamed the heart
Of all their *loyalties*.

I had never before heard that this Commission was unpopular in Scotland, and I cannot but think the *loyalty* which could be shaken, as yours seems to have been, by such a measure, was, like your plaids loosely worn, and easily cast off. In fact, I believed that the principles on which the first Commission was framed, and the spirit with which it was actuated, were perfectly satisfactory to Scotland in general. I know that it included some of the most venerable names in your country, and the report (besides the great ability, moderation, and judgment, with which it was drawn up) has also, in my eyes another pledge that it contained nothing injurious to the feelings or detrimental to the interest of Scotland, viz.—that it was compiled by the hand, and attested by the signature, of *Sir Walter Scott*; whom the Commissioners (with the very reverse of the spirit you impute to them) had appointed Clerk of the Commission. So much for this first assault on your national Institutions.

Of the second Commission, you say that it was "composed, (if Scotchmen *must need be* employed) of those who had been too long estranged from "the study of Scottish law to retain any accurate "recollection of the abstruse science, or any decided partiality for its technical forms." And you further intimate with corresponding indignation, "the opinion of the Scotch *Lawyers*, nay, "of the Scotch *Judges* have been something too "much neglected and controuled in the course of "these important changes, in which methinks "they ought to have had a primary voice."

This is rather an unlucky series of assertion as regards the *matter of fact*. I have shewn you that we have Sir W. Scott's evidence of the propriety of the selection and proceedings of the *first* Commissioners. Now let us see whether we have not even stronger evidence of the propriety of the *second*—the Commissioners named in which were the Lord President, Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Baron, Lord Pitmilly, and Lord Gillies, and Mr. Baron Hume, all *Scotch Judges* of the greatest reputation and talents, to whom were added the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor General, and Mr. Cranstoun, three eminent *Scotch lawyers*, the Professor of Scotch Law in the University of Edinburgh, and the Deputy Keeper of the Signet in Scotland; and, further, (making up a number

* Vide "The Fortunes of Nigel," vol. 3. ad finem.

sufficient to supply information, but not to sway decisions, two English Masters in Chancery and two eminent English Barristers.

How this roll of names accords with your statement of the neglect shewn in these proceedings to *Scotch Lawyers and Judges*, you must explain—I cannot.

I am not ignorant that few Sessions of Parliament have passed without some attempts at further innovation; but who have been the innovators? A park of giddy young Englishmen, as you would have us believe? Whether the gentlemen be giddy or young I will not venture to pronounce; but as to being *Englishmen*—which is the real *gravamen* of your charge—they are undoubtedly, every mother's soul of them, as genuine Scots as Malachi Malagrowther himself. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Abercromby, Mr. Peter Grant, Sir Ronald Fergusson, and Lord Archibald Hamilton, have been the stirrers or supporters of most of those questions; and by whom have they been opposed? Undoubtedly by many respectable Scotch Members, but most powerfully by the English Ministers. If, as you seem to complain, a new Scotch Jury Bill was, after much difficulty and discussion, passed, what were the facts as to that Bill? It was introduced in what was thought a very imperfect and injurious form, by a *Scotch* Lawyer in the House of Commons, and supported by all that call themselves Scotch Patriots; and it was so pertinaciously pressed, that to prevent mischief, the Scotish Members of the Government were obliged to take it into their own hands, and it was finally carried through the Lords by the Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and through the Lower House by the Lord Advocate; so that, whether the Bill be good or bad (on which point Mr. M'Wheeble, our hereditary factor at Tully Veolan, has not yet made up his mind), it is evident, Cousin Malachi, that you have to think or to blame your own countrymen for it. What then, I ask is the pretence for the outcry and clamour which you make, and, what is worse, which you endeavour to excite, that Scotland is maltreated and degraded into "a kind of experimental farm," upon which every *English* quack is encouraged to practise his theories?

I have shown, out of your own mouth, that whatever changes have been made are beneficial; that the quackery of experimentalists has been successfully resisted, and that in all cases the opinions and feelings of the Scottish Nation, represented by the Scottish gentry, have been, not merely consulted, but deferred to; and I think I may conclude in the dictum of our relative, Lord Keeper Ashton (as reported in 2d Tales of my Landlord, p. 25.) "That these mutations are *no new sights* in Scotland, and had been witnessed long before the time of this satirical author."

I now proceed to your next grievance.

The Boards of Excise and Customs in Ireland and Scotland have been, it seems, amalgamated with the respective English Boards, and Imperial Departments have been thus created for the management of the Imperial revenue. This to Scotland, is, in your opinion, not only an *injury* but an *insult*. The Malagrowthers are, I readily believe, more sensitive to points of honour, than practised in collecting revenues, and your little mistakes upon this head are, therefore, the less surprising. Your national prejudices, and perhaps some distant prospect of a Commissionership for yourself, your son or some of your cousins (on the Malagrowther side) prevent, it seems, your discovering any other cause for this arrangement, than that the Irish Board was abolished for malpractices, and that the Scotch Board was abolished for "the sake of *uniformity*, to keep them company;" and you illustrate this by a facetious anecdote of Lord Strathmore's bailiff, who, having put a malefactor into a pair of stocks, that stood at one side of a formal court-yard in the castle of Glammis, hired an innocent Sawney to fill, for *uniformity sake*, another pair of stocks which had been (also for uniformity), placed on the other side of the said yard.

The story is a pleasant one, and not the less amusing for being nothing to the purpose.

In the first place, I deny that the change in the administration of the Revenue was made on account of *misconduct* in the proviucial Boards. It was framed on a general principle, that as the Revenue to be collected was, as the French used to say, *one and indivisable*, it ought, in all reason, to be managed by *one undivided* department; and as one Board of Treasury had the supreme controul and direction of the whole, it was alike absurd and inconvenient that its powers should be exercised, or, I should rather say, *perverted*, by three different and often conflicting systems of administration.

As you have a taste for old stories and seem to like them, as one does cheese or game, the better for being a little *stale*, I shall venture to conform myself to your taste, by suggesting, that your idea of having, besides a great Board in London, to manage the great imperial revenue, a little Board in Scotland to manage the Scottish modicum, is like that of the over-considerate gentleman who provided a large hole for the passage of his great cat, and a small hole for the accommodation of his little cat! Even Mr. Malagrowther himself will, I think, confess that it is not likely to be conducive, either to convenience or economy, to have three holes on the Treasury door.

But if I admit, that in the course of the investigation which preceded this arrangement some irregularities in the Irish revenue were detected, I am sorry to be obliged to add, that abuses at least as serious had been, not very long before, discovered in Scotland. Are you ignorant, my cynical Cousin, that in the year 1809 three Members of one of your Scotch Boards were removed for official impropriety? I do not know to what extent either the Scotch or the Irish officers were blameable; I only state the fact to disprove the whole of your reasoning, and to show, that if the bailiff of Lord Strathmore had been the justiciar of these delinquents, he would, in the first instance, have had to put *your own countrymen in the stocks*, and to have kept them there a pretty long while before Ireland had furnished *her* quota to the uniformity of the Castle of Glammis.

I am very sorry to observe that you do not confine your misrepresentation of this point to mere jocularity. You state that Scotland was included in the arrangement because the Government *darst* not attempt it on Ireland alone. The Irish, it seems, wished for a companion in their misery; and "this gratification of his humours was gained," you say, "by Pat's being *up with the pike* and shillelah on any and no occasion."

This, Malachi, I take leave to say, is sharper than even "*the edge of the claymore*." *That* has been in its sheath for near a century. It is little more than 20 years since the Irish pike was red with rebellion and massacre. It is barely as many months since it has been dyed in midnight assassination. Good God! Cousin, what were you thinking of, when you allowed your pen, or even your mind, to wander, into such perilous pleasantries—but after all your fun and fury, what is the real amount of the change either in Ireland or Scotland? Why, no more than this—Instead of separate and independent Provincial Boards, standing Committees of the Imperial Board are resident in Dublin and Edinburgh, who do more business than of old, and at half the expense.

The port of Glasgow, Belfast, & Liverpool, are within 24 hours' sail of each other—they trade in the same articles—yet in each they collect revenues for one common Exchequer—yet in each the business was conducted on systems wholly different in principle and in practice. Baillie Jervie complained, even in his day, of the Custom house officers, "who went about on the quay, plaguing folk about permits and dockits, and all that *vexatious* trade," and I can scarcely think that any of his descendants, (one of whom I hear, represents a neighbouring district of Burghs in Parliament,) will agree with you in thinking that the *dignity* of Scotland requires that Trade should be taxed to the amount of 12,000*l*. per annum, for the high privilege of being puzzled by three codes of laws, embarrassed by three systems of regulations, and plagued by three tribes of officers, when that very treaty of Union (of which you happen to be so strangely and so unfortunately ignorant) provides especially that "all laws concerning *regulations of trade customs and excise*, shall be, after the Union, the same in England and Scotland." One indeed can only wonder, that, in the teeth of the laws and common sense, such anomalies should have been tolerated so long.

In the same spirit in which you lament over the impaired *dignity* of Scotland in being obliged to content herself with *three* Commissioners of Excise instead of *five*, you cast some "longing look" towards certain other convenient retreats, in which the *dignity* of Scotland loved to nestle her unfledged offspring, but which the hand of that *durus arator*—the economical reformer—has despoiled.

"—— utilla
"Flet noctem, saxoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca quæstibus implet."

You are too well read in the erudite tomes of Mr. Josephus Miller, not to know that I have authority for this allusion to a Caledonian nightingale. A Scotch gentleman having asserted that these birds were not to be found beyond the Tweed assured the company this was an error, for that he himself had often seen the nocturnal songster, which he described as being about the size of a small goose, having little red eyes, and a hooked beak, and delighting to sing all night out of an old ivy bush, *whoo, whoo, whoo!*

Now, hark! how the Scottish Philomel wails for her devastated nests.

"We have consented with submission, if *not* "with cheerfulness, to reductions and abolitions "of public offices required for the good of the "state at large, but which must affect materially "the *condition* and even the *respectability* of our "*overburdened aristocracy*."

Indeed, Cousin, I may say with honest *Stephano*, "You are in your fit now, and your talk is not "after the wisest;" for I fancy you will not meet much countenance in this comfortable theory of yours, that public employments are instituted, not for the use of the public, but of the happy individuals capable of filling them, and that it is of no consequence what sums may be drawn from the people, provided the *kith and kin* of the Malagrowthers are gratified and accommodated by a due share of the sum total.

Your notion of the *real utility* of a public office, reminds me of a circumstance which took place a few years ago in the House of Commons.

A worthy Scottish gentleman, well known to you and to me, was one evening endeavouring to move the compassion of the House with a lamentation very similar to yours, over the abolition of a certain class of offices in Scotland, and, amongst others, of *one* which he thought it almost treason and impiety to have abolished: "*abolished*," exclaimed the late Mr. Whitbread, "so far from this office being *abolished*, I apprehend it is actually filled at this moment with great credit to himself, and advantage to the public, by the honourable complainant himself." Aweel! rejoined the Caledonian, nothing disconcerted, aweel! I'll nae wrangle wi' ye about the office itself, but, I say, the old salary is aboleeshed, and that's far waur!

But my letter grows too long, and I must, therefore, break off here, and postpone for a day or two, the observation which I have to make on the other topics of your pamphlet. *En attendant*,

I remain, dear Malachi, your affectionate Kinsman,

E. BRADWARDINE WAVERLEY.

PORTSMOUTH.—March 11.

We have received (by the packet) the following extract from a letter from Lisbon, describing a serious fire which broke out in the Portuguese Naval Arsenal at Belem, on the 17th ult.:—

"Tagus, Feb. 17.—I am sorry to say that a fire broke out this morning, between nine and ten o'clock, at the Portuguese Naval storehouses at Belem, which burnt with great fury for about two hours and a half, destroying every thing that came in its way, consisting of cordage, cables, pitch and tar; in short, all the ready-made cordage for the Portuguese Navy, is destroyed. I am happy to say that only two lives are lost, poor soldiers, who were in the interior of the building, and not being aware of the progress of the flames were buried beneath the burning fragments of the roof, which fell in upon them. The loss sustained by the Portuguese is very serious. As soon as the calamity was observed by the Commander-in-Chief of the English squadron, he promptly repaired to the spot, attended by the Captains of the ships under his orders, with their boats and fire-engines, as well as three of the Portuguese frigate Princess Royal; and by their united exertions much valuable property was removed from that part of the buildings that the flames had not reached; and by their pulling down a part of the storehouse between the wing on fire and that which must inevitably have been destroyed, had they not had recourse to this measure, the flames were confined to a much smaller space than there was reason to apprehend from the formidable appearance the fire at first assumed. The cause of this melancholy event was the boiling over of some pitch, the flames occasioned by which accident instantly communicated to some inflammable articles lying near.—The Ocean (flag). Albion, Aurora, and Glasgow, are lying here. The Lively is expected, to relieve the Aurora. No political news here—all is quiet."

On Tuesday, about forty sail of outward-bound merchantmen, which put into this port in the course of the last three weeks, with contrary winds, proceeded on their respective voyages, with a fine wind from the S. E.—Among the ships were George IV., for Bengal and China; the general Palmer and Juliana, for Madras and Bengal; the John Barry, for New South Wales; and Egginton transport, Lieutenant J. G. Godden, with stores for Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu. The first detachment of the New South Wales Depôt (a corps composed for the garrison of the Colony) consisting of about ninety men, with seventy one women, and eighty-eight children (their wives and children), went out in the John Barry. The Shipley transport, Lieutenant J. W. Pritchard, agent, with a company of the Royal Artillery on board, sailed yesterdy for Cowes, to embark detachments, and sailed thence for Barbadoes. The Diadem, Lieutenant S. P. Pritchard, will sail to-morrow with the Depôt of the 43d Regiment for Plymouth; afterwards to take Depôt of the 8th Regiment from Plymouth to Greenock; and part of the 63d Regiment from Cork to Chatham, where the last mentioned will embark for New South Wales.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

"THE PECUNIARY CRISIS."

The prospectus of a work called the Debtor's Manual, sold in Newgate-street, was the other day left at my door; such a book is certainly particularly well-timed at this "pecuniary crisis," when all the world is in debt. The pecuniary crisis is the influence of the day; every body is sick with it, and no one is ashamed of confessing to a complaint which bears so genteel and euphonous a name. Had his Majesty's Ministers done nothing else for us, they would have deserved immortal honour for the coinage of this phrase which has done every thing but paid our debts. The Debtor's Manual is a humbug; the whole business of it may be summed up in two words—*pecuniary crisis* which is an answer to every application. You are politely requested to settle a small account, which has been long standing, you shake your head, and with a grave simper sigh out: "The pecuniary crisis! my good sir, the pecuniary crisis!" The creditor is choked; he is at his wit's end; the pecuniary crisis is unanswerable; but seeing the virtue of the phrase, he adopts it himself, and meets his creditor, in turn, with the pecuniary crisis, and thus the pecuniary crisis settles all money affairs. Some years ago, the Bog of Allan took it into its head to see the world, and jaunted about the country, to the great derangement of the neighbouring acres. At this all the Irishmen in the world were suddenly ruined, and more particularly those who have, for the last twelve years, lived at Boulogne, waiting the settlement of law-suits, or the receipts of their quarter's rents, (which are, I am inclined to suspect, payable at the quarter of the century). Go where one might, one heard nothing but execrations on that moving bog; for it turned out that all Irishmen had large and elegant estates in the immediate neighbourhood of it, fine arable, and pasture, which the bog had bogged by its intrusive visitations. "Och! the divil take that cursed bog, my dear sir. By the Lord, it has walked our my istate, the most alegant thing in all Ireland, and clane rnined every acre of it. Divil a rap can I git of my tiniments now, and so here I must live on Lady Anne's pin-money till things come round again." This was the story one heard every where. *Pecuniary crisis* serves in the same stead as the moving bog. Many of us that have been ruined any time these twenty years, did not know what happened to us till we got hold of this happy phrase, but now it is a clear case of pecuniary crisis. The Bourgeois Gentilhomme was proud to learn that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, and we are proud to learn that the supposed beggarly complaint which has cleaved to us from our cradles, was, in fact, nothing less than a *pecuniary crisis*, which has had the honour of a mention in his gracious Majesty's speech to his affectionate Lords and Commons.—*Lond. Mag.*

Yesterday afternoon, at four o'clock, the first division of the 79th regiment, or Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Brown, landed from the Cato transport, and marched into the Jesuit's barrack. The warlike appearance of soldiers habited "in the grab of Old Gaul," excited surprise and admiration, not unmixed with sentiments of pity from the softer sex, at the bare idea of the sufferings even these hardy mountaineers must endure if exposed to the rigour of a Canadian winter, with such insufficient protection as their dress affords. We understand that these alarms rest on a *bottomless foundation*, and that the Highlanders, during the winter months, will submit to wear garments more suitable to the climate of these frozen regions. They are a fine-looking body of men, and landed in high order, notwithstanding their long voyage. The remaining divisions may be daily expected; indeed, unless they arrive within a very short period, it will hardly be possible for the 37th regiment to return to Europe in the transports which bring out the relief.—*From the Quebec Mercury.*

Doctrine of Perfectibility.—On hearing that a certain modern philosopher had carried his belief in the perfectibility of all living things so far, as to say that he did not despair of seeing the day when tigers themselves, might be educated, Dr. T. (a Scotch critic) exclaimed, "I should like dearly to see him in a cage with *two* of his pupils."

Some of the fraternity of Editors in the metropolis seem to be seized with a very unnatural craving for the blood of their fellow creatures. Last week they dispatched a Royal Duke, with one stroke of a goose quill, and on Thursday they employed an assassin to deprive the world of a Bishop. "A letter from Bath (says an Evening Paper) states, that an attempt was made a few days since to assassinate the exemplary Bishop of that diocese in the Cathedral at Wells, and that the assassin was apprehended on the spot, with two loaded pistols in his possession. "We need not contradict the story; but it must strike every reader that such gross and glaring falsehoods as are daily put forth by some of the London Papers are rapidly bringing the gentlemen of the Press into that unenviable state in which, according to the old proverb, *certain people* find it difficult to obtain credence even when they tell the truth.—*Bristol Mercury.*

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,—March 12, 1826.

Tuesday's Gazette,—*Crown Office, March 17th* 1826.

Members Returned to Serve in this Present Parliament.

Borough of Devizes.:—George Watson Taylor of Erlestoke Park in the county of Wilts, Esq. in the room of Thomas Grimston Bucknall Estcourt, Esq. who hath accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

Borough of East Looe.—The Right Hon. Henry Frederick John James Percival, commonly called Lord Viscount Percival, in the room of George Watson Taylor Esq. who hath accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

A person of the name of Murley, who keeps a public-house in St. Martin's-lane, presented himself to the Magistrate, for the purpose of complaining of the conduct of a brother of the tap-tub, a very fat jelly-looking personage of the name of Scruton, the landlord of the Key in Fleet-market.

Mr. Murley stated, that Mr. Scruton supped at his house the other evening; and after supper without any provocation whatever, struck the complainant, and very grossly abused his wife.

Mr. Minshull asked the defendant what he had to say in answer to the charge; his conduct appeared to him (the Magistrate) to have been very reprehensible.

"Lord bless your soul, Sir," replied Mr. Scruton, "it's all a relationship business; we are relations, please your Worship, and I was provoked, and we had a bit of a quarrel."

This claim of relationship the plaintiff stoutly denied, and declared that he had never seen the defendant before the night in question in his life. Besides, he did not see how defendant's being a relation could justify him in calling the plaintiff's wife what we cannot mention.

"Now, my dear Sir," said Mr. Scruton, "though you had never seen me, you know who I was. I am a relation, Sir (addressing himself to the Magistrate), *his wife's mother married my father-in-law*, and if I did call Mrs. Murley (but I don't think I did) what he says, it was very wrong of me, for there's no truth in it, and it was nothing but a relation's quarrel. Mrs. Murley is a very respectable woman, but she provoked me, and I said that there would be a rare lot of money for us when her mother died, when she cried out, "Money for you, there won't be a half-penny for you," which I thought was very hard, when all the money came by my mother. You say I struck you, Mr. Murley, but did I hurt you? Come my dear Sir, suppose you and I drink together, and settle it.

This truly landlord-mode of settling an assault, however, appeared neither to meet with the approbation of the plaintiff nor the Magistrate, and accordingly Mr. Scruton was held to bail for his appearance at the Sessions.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S MISSION TO ST. PETERSBURGH.

It is very currently reported that the King has selected the Duke of Devonshire to represent him at the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas at the Court of Russia. During a recent period, when the Grand Duke Nicholas resided in London, this Prince was the inmate of Devonshire House, where the entertainments given on the occasion were on a scale of the greatest magnificence and splendour. This visit cemented a warm friendship between the Emperor and the Duke, which originated whilst his Grace was in St. Petersburgh. His Majes-

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ty has shewn his usual discrimination in appointing the Duke of Devonshire to this distinguished honour.

(From The Literary Gazette.—February 25.)

DAVID, THE FRENCH PAINTER.—Not having met with a more detailed memoir of this distinguished artist among the continental journals, we have translated from *Le Globe* the following biography, which contains some interesting remarks on the state of the arts.

DAVID was born at Paris in 1750, and at the commencement of his career gave an infallible pledge of talent. At that period, Boucher and his school still reigned in France. Success was certain to those who followed the beaten track. David quitted it, and, protesting against the taste of his masters and of the public, dared to study Poussin. The sight of the pictures which were then the fashion produced on him the same effect that *lettres de cachet* and the abuses of government produced on Mirabeau—it inflamed him with the wish for a revolution. Accordingly, when Vien had given the signal of reform, and exhibited in his works a new style, David, eagerly following his steps, and it may be said appropriating his ideas, speedily found himself at the head of the reformers of art.

He had the qualities of the chief of a school; ardent and enthusiastic temper—an energetic will. Unfortunately, to this soul of an artist was added the spirit of a logician. To constitute an accomplished painter, no doubt the force and power of a Michael Angelo are above all things necessary; but in order to guide that force and that power, there ought to be a mind open to all ideas, fond of Nature as she really is, observant, but devoid of system; in short, such a mind as that of Leonardo da Vinci. David, on the contrary, was endowed with one of those intellects with are more vigorous than extensive, which are capable of a lively conception of things, but on the condition of embracing only a limited number of them, and which having once adopted any action, are absorbed by it, and pursue it to its last consequences, without taking the trouble to inquire whether or not it is consonant to truth. All that his mind was capable of conceiving, David had the gift of expressing on canvass with the superiority of genius. Hence the surprising beauties which strike us in his pictures. But his mind was not capable of conceiving enough. Hence his finest works are incomplete, cold, inanimate. Such a mind, united with such a temper, must of necessity produce a fanatic in politics, a mannerist in the arts. Hence in the hall of the convention, as well as in his painting-room, the feelings of David were continually the dupes of his reason.

What had struck him most forcibly in the painters whom he wished to dethrone was their incorrectness of drawing, and their systematic inattention to the human form. Pretending to be faithful to nature, they were guided only by fashion. All their mouths smiled, and all their noses turned up. The disposition of David's character naturally drove him into the other extreme. From the moment that he began to attend to form he thought of nothing else. With the soul within, with that internal power of which form is only the envelope and the manifestation, he did not trouble himself. "The body of man is the whole man," was his motto. Very soon Poussin did not satisfy him: he must have something more decided, more absolute. The ancient statues attracted his notice. In them he discovered that purity of line and contour, that beauty, altogether external, to which he aspired; and thenceforward, without disturbing himself to inquire if the real object of the art was not escaping him, he endeavoured to make his pencil the rival of the Greek chisel.

This is not to say that he abstained from the study of nature. Long and painful labour had disclosed to him all the secrets of anatomy; he constantly painted in the presence of living models; but these studies were not made by him for their intrinsic value. Nature never seemed to him to be an authority entitled to all his confidence; she was too various, too changeable. Even while affecting to imitate her, he subjected her to the control of those abstract types which he regarded as forming the law of beauty. A strict adherence to nature, he was apprehensive, might betray him into that arbitrary and capricious style of design with which his predecessors were justly reproachable. His mind could find repose but in some predominating idea, in some system, or, as it is called in the present day, in the centre of feelings and doctrines. This explains the defective manner in which he saw nature: he studied her only as she contributed to, and never when she contracted his system.

Having entered on this new path, all his powers were concentrated in a single point. David arrived at his object with giant strides; his first efforts were most masterly; all the innovation which he had been meditating he realised at once, and carried them to the highest perfection. The "Horatii," the "Brutus," the "Belisarius," are finished models of that simple and severe style, of that pure and dignified design, of which, until the period of their production, antiquity alone had exhibited any example. It is impossible to convey any notion of the enthusiasm with which these *chefs d'œuvre* were received. At another period, perhaps, the admiration which they excited would have been mixed with censure; but at the time at which they made their appearance, the public mind was not in a condition to love or hate by halves: exclusive in politics, it was exclusive in every thing else. Delighted with David for the kind of beauty which he had elicited, it declared that it was the true beauty—that it was the only beauty. Good taste seemed to have been recovered, and the golden age of painting to be about to be renewed: a sort of idolatry for ancient forms possessed every one;—It was one of the crises of the revolution. It may be imagined with what unanimous contempt the works of those unfortunate painters were treated which were before the objects of general admiration;—they were devoted to public indignation, with all the rest of the ancient regime; and yet, in those tasteless compositions, if there was no real merit, at least there was a good intention, which ought never to be despised, the intention of imitating life. No consideration, however, could rescue them from their fate. Even the Italian painters, who had been banished to the garret ever since the times of the Marchioness of Pompadour, did not gain much by this reaction. Some admirers they certainly found among the persons who had just been reading Lessing's "Laocoon," or who instinctively felt that the laws of painting and the laws of sculpture were not exactly the same; but in general their beauties were in little estimation:—"they had not sufficiently studied the antique!"

Now that we are more tranquil, that we feel the imperfection of former systems, and being to understand that a country may be a republic without the assumption of Roman names and habits, and that the beauty of the antique is not the only possible beauty, David's pictures have, in some degree, lost one of their merits—the merit of circumstances. Nevertheless, such is the power of the hand by which they were created, that it is impossible to contemplate them without that feeling of respect which is inspired by all works of genius. We cannot sympathise with beings whose features seem incapable of human emotion; we cannot but remark in the way in which they are disposed something too symmetrical, too analagous to the grouping of a bas relief; but it is impossible (unless we are prejudiced by the opposite system) not to be struck with the harmony of all the parts, with the unity of conception which manifests itself in the smallest details, with the forms, ideal it is true, but having reference to a pure and perfect type. The pleasure with which a picture, by David, is contemplated, is of that rational kind which accompanies the perusal of a classic tragedy. In either case the work ought at be regarded in the point of view in which the author intended it to be regarded. If you stop before the "Horatii," or before the "Sabines," just after having been looking at a head by Guido, or a Madonna by Correggio, all that portion of your soul which has been powerfully excited by the animated and passionate expression of the Italian painter will find nothing to interest it: you will feel frozen: in vain will reason call on you to admire the beauties which it has produced: you will exclaim, "These pictures have no expression!" and you will pass by with disdain. But turn your eyes from nature, such as she is; dream, as David did, of beings colder, more severe, less impassioned than human; imagine that this "Horatii," this "Brutus," this "Leonidas," were discovered amidst the ashes of Herculaneum,—and then, having become less usurious in your demand, you will become more just; you will admire the beauties which the absence of other beauties prevented you from sooner observing.

It is only in this way that we can fairly judge of men who have employed their genius in the service of a system. It is thus that Alfieri must be read—it is thus that we must listen to the music of Gluck, Alfieri, Gluck, and David, three great artists, three powerful minds, must nevertheless be admired for qualities somewhat foreign to the arts which they cultivated. Gluck often said: "When I compose, I endeavour to forget that I am a musician." It was not music, but declamation which he wished to produce. Alfieri, although a dramatic writer, was jealous only of the title of a poet or a thinker. David, likewise, seems sometimes to have exclaimed with Gluck, "Let me forget that I am a painter."

After all, however, we shall ill appreciate David's talent, if we believe that he was invariably the slave of his system. He excelled in certain kinds of expression. No one has represented better than he the reflecting courage, the strength of mind, which shews itself in the warrior seated on the left of Leonidas. And in the picture of the Sabines, what can be more graceful and more animated than the group of children? What can be more sweet and more tender than the daughters of Brutus? He has proved also that he was capable of quitting ideal nature: witness his magnificent design of "The Oath of the Tennis Court," and, above all, the clerical group in the picture of "The Coronation;" in which the pope, and all the ecclesiastics who surround him, are absolutely alive. It is nature taken in the fact. What has become of this picture; Why not exhibit it in the Louvre? The "Apotheosis of Napoleon;" painted by Appiani, is in the imperial palace at Milan, even in the hall f the throne. Shall we be less the friends of the arts than the Austrians are?

After his banishment, David gave his talent a new direction, and turned his attention to colouring. On the two pictures which he sent to France, "Cupid and Psyhe," and "Mars and Venus," he may be said to have lavished all the riches of the Venetian palette. But, according to the custom of exclusive minds, he acquired one quality only by the loss of another. These two pictures do not every where possess the severe taste, and the pure and elegant drawing of the author of the "Horatii" and "Leonidas."

Although absent from Paris, David, during his life, preserved a sort of empire over our school of painting. Our rtists, indeed, every day made, attempts to pass the line which he had traced for them; but his name was still venerated: in fact, he reigned still. Now that his throne is vacant, the possession of it is about to be disputed by two, candidates, either of whom is worthy of sovereignty. The public and the art of painting will gain by the contest. Let each of them hasten to produce a *chef d'œuvre*: it will be the finest tribute that they can pay to the memory of their master.

MARCH 11.

The Annual Cabinet of Modern Foreign Voyages and Travels; selected from the most recent and interesting Journals of eminent Continental Travellers, not before translated into English. Vol. 2. 1826. 18mo, pp. 439. London: Treuttel and Vurtz.

We cannot well acquit overselves, as industrious and faithful registers of the literary products of the time, for having neglected the first volume (for 1825) of this miscellany, published more than twelve months ago. It is a most meritorious work, and well deserves our highest encomiums. Much is done by British enterprise; and the world is every year explored by our adventurous countrymen in parts unknown, and a knowledge obtained from them of great value to science. But other nations are also alert in this honourable career; and it is not only excellent in itself, but a very important aid to our own pursuits, that we should be made acquainted with their progress and discoveries. Such is the purport of this *Annual Cabinet:* the latest intelligence acquired by foreign travellers is ably condensed, and other lights are thrown upon those subjects into which our inquiries have been directed, or new information is given on collateral branches, as interesting and curious as those which have occupied our native attention.

The first publication took a general view of the principal geographical researches and their results for the preceding ten years; and then particularised Boie's Norway, Von Richter's Pilgrimages in the East, Taucher, Eichfield, Caillaud, Drovetti, Minutoli, Erdman, Cromt-schenko, and other travellers' discoveries in various quarters of the globe; the whole forming a volume of very delightful and instructive literature, which youth must read with great benefit, and the more advanced in life with great gratification. Nor is the second year's production now before us, inferior to its precursor. On the coutrary, we are rather inclined to consider it as more choice in its selection, and more curious in its developments. A short introduction contains an able epitome of the chief travel-novelties that have occurred within the past year.—Denham's and Clepperton's African Expedition; Von Ruppel's Egyptian peregrinations; Accounts of Ehrenberg and Hemprich and of Mr. Burton in the same country and Nubia, &c. also of Saddik Gibraltar, relating to Cyrenaica; of Capt. Smith and Mr. Beechey on the coasts of Tripolis; of Pacho in the Pentapolis; of Cervelli, of Peddie, of Gray, of Laing, in Africa; of Gen. Moorcroft, Frazer, and Professor Rask, in Central Asia; of the Danish Levsen in Japan; of Dr. Lyall and Capt. Cockrane, Somoiuoff and Professor Fuchs, in the Russian empire; of Buckingham in the East, and Natterer in Brazil; of Capt. Basil Hall and Stevenson in South America; and Capt. Weddell in the Antarctic Seas, &c.—these are distinctly classed, and brought down to the latest period. Then follow the separate papers: a Tour in North Holland; Iceland by Dr. Gliemann; Litke's two Expeditions to Nova Zembla; Murawiew-Apostol's Journey through Taurida; Raczynski's Sketches in Turkey; Sieber's Visit to Jerusalem; Drouville on Persian Manners; Timkowski's Mission to China; Humboldt on a Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, &. &c. &c. Almost all these are interesting papers; but the Taurida and China bear off the palm: the former by its classical associations, and the latter by its singular traits of a people who affect mystery and seek concealment above any other. To this, therefore, we apply ourselves in the first place.

"In the year 1820 the Russian government sent Mr. Timkowski, one of the chief officers in the Asiatic department of the ministry for foreign affairs, on a mission to Pekin, for the purpose of accompanying from Kiachta to that city the Russian ecclesiastics who were to go to supply the vacancies in the great monastery which Russia has at Pekin, and to bring back to Kiachta the priests who were to leave the convent. Mr. T. kept a minute Journal of his mission, filled with historical, geographical, and statistical notices. The first volume contains the account of his journey to Pekin, the second, a description of that city, and the third, the narrative of the return to Russia by a different route. Two volumes only have yet been published in the Russian language. The extracts which have appeared in various literary journals give a very favourable idea of the work, and excite a wish that it may be soon translated into other languages."

The extracts from them fill only fifty-six pages of the *Cabinet*, but they are uncommonly rich in matter.

"According to a treaty concluded in the year 1727, the Russian government was allowed to have a mission established at Pekin, by means of which the Russians have a free passage to the capital of China, which is almost inaccessible to Europe."

The last mission took place in 1805: the present consisted of between forty and fifty persons. After leaving Kiachta it reached the river Iro, and the journal states—

"On the sloping sides of the mountains we saw here and there little spots sown with millet, and some stacks of hay. A very old Lama, a stranger to us, who had ridden from Ibizkick to look at his valley, accompanied us for some time. Lifting up one of his arms, on which hung a rosary, he continually repeated the Tibetan prayer: *Om mani bat mi chom* (Lord have mercy on me), in a tone which all the Lamas have adopted, and which resembles the humming of a bee. He rejoiced highly at the approaching arrival of the new-born Kutuchtu, chief priest of Fo, who, by his appearance on the throne of Urga, would reanimate the desolate Mongolian clergy.

"Near the Iro, on the east, rises a loftly and steep mountain, which forms the corner of the chain that runs along the right bank of the river; its summit is covered with obo stones, which adorn almost all the principal eminences of Mongolia. The inhabitants of these steppes, like the savage in the deserts of America, convinced by experience of the existence of a superior, incomprehensible, and almighty power, is of opinion, that it is diffused through all the productions of nature; and the more majestic an object appears to the eye, in so much greater abundance, according to his notion, must this beneficed spirit reside in it; for which reason a large stone, a lofty mountain, a spreading tree, or a broad stream, are objects of his veneration. There he erects altars, or obos, of heaps of stones, and prays before them, in the fulness of his heart, to the almighty spirit. Every traveller who passes by such an altar considers it as his duty to alight from his horse, to make several obeisances opposite the south side of the altar, with his face turned towards the north, and to leave some of his things. In general we found on such places linen rags, and more frequently tufts of horse-hair, as offerings of the Nomades for the preservation of this animal, their faithful companion. These altars serve also as guides to travellers, and as landmarks. * * * *

"We saw here numerous flocks of sheep, all of a white colour, and herds of full sized, stout but not handsome horses.

"Iro, or Iuro, signifies, in the Mongol language, the blessed; for according to the account of the inhabitants, there are mineral springs at its source. * * * *

"A great many Lamas inhabit these parts, for about three wersts above the station there is a wooden Pagan temple, on the banks of the Iro, and another ten wersts below. This part of Mongolia, as far as Urga, and sixty wersts beyond, is inhabited by Kalkas Mongols, who are subject to the Kutuchtu. The revenues collected from them, besides the personal services for the affairs of the country, and the tending of the numerous flocks of the Khan, serve for the maintenance of the Kutuchtu and his court."

The next river of note which the mission passed was the Sehara, or Yellow River, which flows into the Orchon. The natives requested the strangers not to fish, as, like the Hindoos, though worshippers of Fo, they hold the lives of animals sacred. On the 10th Sept. (the first extract in the journal is of the 3d), Mr. T. says, "We met, for the first time, numbers of Mongols returning from Urga to adore the Lama. This high priest of Fo, who was seven years of age, had caused, by his recent appearance, a great commotion among the zealous Mongols of Kalkas. Old and young, men and women, in rich attire, with caps of sable, and riding on their best horses and camels, passed us in troops. Some were hastening to the Lama, others returning home of being reanimated by the sight of him. After travelling sixteen wersts from the Chara, in a level and straight road, we came to the valley of Zsun Mado, on the right bank of the Boro, where our missions rested in 1694 and 1807. Three leagues farther we ascended a great hill called Manitu, where there is an obo. On the south side of the hill we met a large caravan of pilgrims returning from Urga. Some had even been to Tibet to receive their phœnix, the new-born Lama, from the bosom of his family, and had brought him to his residence with his whole establishment upon their own camels. The inhabitants of Kalkas had for this purpose assembled above a thousand camels. The jaded beasts proved the length and fatigue of the journey they had made. Our attention was attracted by a snow-white camel of extraordinary size, such as we had never seen. The Mongols know the Russians, and also that many of our people speak their language; hence we are greeted on all sides with repeated wishes for our health and happiness."

After crossing the Boro, some of the party were requested to abstain from entering an absent forest, called Nobin, because there were many bears in it; but the subjoined was the true reason:—

"We afterwards learnt that it was forbidden to enter the forests of the Noin mountain. The princes come hither from Urgo, with their whole court, to enjoy the diversion of hunting. One autumn they hunt on the Boro, and the next in the mountains beyond Urga. The Nomades residing in the neighbourhood are bound to prevent all persons, not only from hunting, but even from setting a foot in these gloomy forests, set apart for the pastime of their sovereigns. We find, however, among nations that boast of their civilisation, game-laws and privileges, the slightest violation of which, even the firing of a gun, is treated as a felony. Last year there was no hunt on the Boro, nor yet in the other places, because the Kutuchtu was expected at Urga. This year the prince intends to hunt beyond Urga. When the Bodgdo—so the Mongols call the emperor of China—goes from Pekin to the palaces of Sheche (beyond the great wall to the east) for the purpose of hunting, he causes the strictest orders to be issued to all the vassal Mongol princes, according to which some are to hunt in their own territory, and others are to come for this purpose to Sheche. The best or rarest game, especially wild boars, are sent as a present to his majesty. It is said that for these hunting parties of the prince, about 500 of the best horsemen and bowmen are sent by the Kalkas horde. The wild beasts are driven together: only the Wan and the Amban (princes of Urga), and the Mantchoa officers in their train, have the privilege of shooting the numerous herds of game. No Mongol, under pain of death, dare discharge an arrow in that direction; he is at the most permitted to pursue the game which has broken the barrier. Our present station is the chief place of rendezvous of these distinguished hunters, and here they celebrate their victories.

"The Mongols (we learn) consider it an imperative duty to bring up at least one of the family as a priest; hence the number of Lamas is very great."

On their route the Russians heard of the death of the emperor of China, at the age of 62; and Mr. T observes—

"We received this news with considerable anxiety, as we feared it might prevent the prosecution of our journey. We observed that the buttons and tassels had disappeared from the caps of the Chinese and Mongol officers,—even the servants took off their's; the officers were, besides, obliged to put on white garments, and as well as the common people not to cut their hair: in this consists their mourning, which lasts a hundred days."

On the 2d of December the mission arrived at Pekin, respecting which city and what befell it there, we select the following memorabilia:—

"The Archimandrite Hyacinth told us that he had translated from the Chinese into the Russian the history of China, and a complete geography of the countries subject to it. He expressed an ardent wish to be able, on his return to his native country, to devote his time chiefly to the completion and finishing of his translations. He assured us, among other things, that our missionaries, who had hitherto studied at Pekin, had been unable thoroughly to investigate the significations of the Chinese words, and therefore paid less attention to the constitution, laws, customs and opinions of the Chinese. Hence the former correspondence of our ministry with the office of foreign affairs at Pekin, was in his opinion, not always adapted to its object, as it was not conformable to the notions entertained here.

"December 4.—I went to the southern suburb, called Weilotschen, *i. e.* the Outer City. The streets are very dirty, and crowded chiefly with men. Barbers and other similar trades carry on their business in the street. We rode close by the southern gate of the Red Town, (so called from the colour of the walls) within which is the palace of the emperor. The buildings of the palace within the walls are not visible. The market-place, opposite the gates, is paved with flags, and surrounded with granite pillars; nobody is allowed to ride through, and only pedestrians admitted. The sentinels of the guard were sitting on stools, at the gate of the parade, leisurely smoking their pipes. They did not look very fine in their soiled clothes. Nearly all the houses in Pekin are nothing but shops, provided with various goods, each shop selling only one kind. In the street which passes the Russian house, is a large private pawn house, of which there are a great many in Pekin. The extravagance and poverty of the Mantchoos enrich these establishments, which are called Daopu by the Chinese. Government has not any such, but the great princes of the empire keep them under the name of crown pledge-houses, which are called Gaun Daopu. The goods are

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taken in for half the value, and for not longer than three years; for a thousand schechens, which are equal to a lana, or two silver rubles, the usurers take twenty schechens monthly, upon a dress, and thirty upon articles of metal and jewellery. Some of our missionaries have, at times, been unfortunately compelled to have recourse to this ruinous expedient.

"December 9.—To-day, according to the Chinese reckoning, was the sixteenth day of the eleventh moon, and the summer solstice. The emperor rode in the procession to the Temple of Heaven, which is situated at the end of the Merchants' Town, or the southern suburb: he returns from thence to his palace to-morrow. The emperor, as the chief priest of all religions within the limits of the Chinese empire, makes to-day, in this temple, a purificatory sacrifice for the execution of all criminals condemned during the year by the law. It is said, that about this time, all the criminals are executed in the whole empire; they are either beheaded or strangled. State criminals, such as rebels &c. are executed without delay, immediately after sentence has been pronounced. Respecting the persons condemned to death by the criminal authorities, a list is presented to the emperor specifying their crimes. The emperor marks with his own hand those who are to be executed; all the rest are conducted to the place of execution, and then carried back to prison, to wait the decision of their fate. Those who are condemned are fed at the expense of government the day previous to their execution. It happens, though very rarely, that a criminal is thus set down three times on the list presented to the emperor, but is not marked for capital punishment, because there are more heinous criminals; such a one is then exempted from execution, and even becomes a jailor, or is transported. The emperor Kienlong, on account of his severity, but seldom made these exceptions. During the reign of Kia-King, on the other hand, of fifty criminals conducted to the place of execution, only fourteen suffered.

Yesterday sacrificial vessels were carried to the above-named temple on elephants richly adorned. This morning, at five o'clock, the emperor rode thither, accompanied by a numerous train, consisting of the chief officers of the army and state. No citizen is permitted to have a view of his majesty in such solemn processions. The gates, doors, and windows of the houses are closed, and the cross-streets covered with hangings. Already, on the preceding evening, the sentinels who kept the gate informed us that none of us would be allowed to go out the following morning. Sentinels are stationed at the doors of those houses where the emperor passes, in order to guard against any sudden attack upon his life, such as was once made upon the late emperor. Returning one day to his palace, the head cook, who had formerly been in the service of his brother, had attacked him with a knife at the entrance of the imperial apartments, in the presence of the eunuchs; but one of the life-guards, who was standing behind the imperial litter, immediately seized the wretch and thus frustrated his criminal intention, in doing which he received several wounds in his side. For this preservation of his life, the emperor raised the faithful soldier to the rank of Gun-(prince of the fifth class), and gave him a considerable fortune.

"December 20.—At nine o'clock in the morning, Mr. Fereira, (in Chinese, Fu-loe) the third member of the Astronomical Academy, came into the convent: he wore on his cap a crystal button, the badge of the fifth class. He first went into the church; he stood still at the western door and bowed, and then went up to the Archimandrite Hyacinth. The Archimandrite, Peter, and I, were invited to meet him. Fereira is a native of Portugal, and about seventy years of age; he was very friendly, and congratulated us on the commencement of the new year, according to the new style. He was delighted with the great deeds of the emperor Alexander, with his victories over the French &c. When the conversation turned on the oppression of the Roman Catholic missionaries in China, he praised the emperor Kanghee, who shewed much attention to the Jesuits, and gave them large tracts of land; but he censured Yong-tchin, and particularly the deceased Kia-King, who had greatly persecuted the Catholics: he spoke at length on toleration, grievances, &c. and quoted texts from Scripture. We conversed with Fereira in Latin, as he, like all the Portuguese now residing at Pekin, understand no other, except their own; he speaks but little Chinese, and that of the worst dialect, which is chiefly used at Canton, where it is usually learned by the Jesuits, when sent by the Pope to China, from the *congregatio de propaganda fide*.

"The Roman Catholics have long since drawn upon themselves the displeasure of the Chinese government, by their unbounded zeal in propagating their doctrine, by the disputes between the priests of the different European states. Thus the Jesuits of the French, or northern convent in Pekin, (at present there is not a single French priest here,) sent letters to the Pope by the way of Canton, complaining of the Portuguese clergy, with plans of the lands and chapels which the latter had taken from them. By some means, probably by the intrigues of the Portuguese, the deputies were seized on their way to Canton. The papers laid before the emperor Kia-King, and in consequence of the strong suspicions excited by the plan, in which were laid down some parts of the interior, a new and violent persecution was commenced against the Jesuits in 1805.

"The Archimandrite Hyacinth told us, that not long before the arrival of the new mission, the one of the procurators had represented to the emperor Kia-King, that it would be advisable to issue a positive law respecting the Catholics living in China. Some members of the tribunal of foreign affairs at that time expressed a wish to the Archimandrite, that the Russian students or clergy coming to Pekin might be substituted in the Astronomical Academy for the Jesuits, whom the Chinese had long been disposed to expel, and who are retained only by virtue of the edict issued respecting them by the emperor Kanghee.

"By being engaged in this academy, the Jesuits enter entirely into the Chinese service. They receive a salary and provisions, dress in the Chinese fashion, and wear on their caps buttons which designate the various ranks in China. * * *

"The Du Lama, treasurer to a temple of the Chuan-sa, invited me to visit him in his solitary abode. He told us that the Du Lama, an elder priest, had put up with them when he lately came with the tribute for the new emperor, from Little or Lower Tibet, from the high priest Bantschan Erdini. Next year, according to the ordinance, the tributaries from Lassa, the capital of Great Tibet, must come, though they have been waiting for five years for the birth of the new Dalai Lama. It is observed that the prudent Chinese government wishes to contrive that the Dalai Lama, this immortal phœnix, may arise in the midst of some distinguished family in the southern provinces of China. The Kutuchta who came this year to the Kalchas Mongols in Urga, is the son of a well-known civil officer in the Chinese province of Setchuen.

"January 3d, 1821.—In our excursion into the outer town, we visited the booksellers' shops; most of the books were printed about thirty years since. * * * *

"Numerous beggars reside in the caverns under the city wall. It is impossible to imagine a more melancholy and repulsive sight than these unfortunates; almost entirely destitute of clothing, covered with a piece of tattered matting, they hover about the shops in the merchants' town, or southern suburb, and beg alms; when they have received a few tichechen they return to their caves. * * * *

"It is said, however, that in the winter time boiled maize is given to the beggars in the name of the emperor, but only a few succeed in profiting by this favour of his majesty. In the temple of Lunawantan, which is near the city wall in Wailotschen, behind the gate of the eastern citadel, the priests distribute boiled grass among the poor, from the money which they have collected from the 15th day of the 10th month, to the 15th of the 2d month of the following year, that is, during the four severe months from November to March.

"The northern convent consists of four large courts, several very pretty houses, and other buildings; but all much decayed and neglected. Every thing proves that the Jesuits in China have not even a shadow of the influence which they possessed under the emperors Kanghee and Kien-Long. Pius, bishop of the southern Christians, likewise a native of Portugal, resides in this convent. * * *

"The Tibetans (in Pekin) are very plain in their manners, and are unacquainted with luxury; in countenance they resemble our gypsies, and wear long coats like the Russians; they do not cut their hair, but braid it on the head in a tail, and have ear-rings with turquoises.

"We then went to the foundry, which is in the court near his heathen temple; idols of various sizes are cast and gilt here, and sent throughout all Mongolia; the idols which come from Tibet are very highly esteemed by the Mongols and Chinese. Small idols are sold according to their size. The founder absolutely refused to sell us any idol, considering us heathens. * * *

"February 4th.—Having received an invitation from the Lamas residing in the temples of Chuan-sa to see the Kutuchta perform the religious ceremonies the Archimandrites, myself, and the inspector, left the city at eight o'clock in the morning.

Three Kutuchtas live in Pekin; (the Chinese call this cardinal directly Fo). The first, who was to perform service this day, resides in a large temple in the Red-Town, near the palace; the second, in the northern part of Pekin; and the third, in the middle part of the city: he has now been sent by the new emperor from Chuan-sa to Tibet, to celebrate the obsequies for his father Kia-King, and to distribute, on this occasion, the alms of the emperor.

"When we came to the treasurer at Chuan-sa, we were conducted into the eastern temple, where the religious ceremonies before the idols had already commenced. All the doors were locked to exclude the crowd, and we were obliged to go through the apartments of the Lamas to the principal temple. The police officers would not let us approach the Kutuchta, especially when they saw our sabres; on the assurance of our guides they, however, consented, and so we entered the vestibule of the temple, which is built of white marble. Here sat the Kutuchta, in a very large arm-chair, with his face turned towards the door of the temple; before him stood a long table covered with a piece of yellow flowered silk, on which stood dishes with corn, water, &c. On both sides of this altar stood five Lamas from eastern Mongolia; they read and sung prayers in the Tibetan language in octaves; the uncommonly deep and powerful bass voices resounded in the air like the lower notes of the horn. The Lamas from the temples at Pekin, about two hundred in number, were seated on the right and left in twelve rows on the floor. The Kutuchta struck at intervals silver cymbals, as a signal to the Lamas alternately to sing and to play. The orchestra was placed apart; they played on wind-instruments, copper cymbals of various sizes, and drums: this kind of music is more calculated to inspire terror than feeling and emotion. The yellow dress of the Lamas, and their shorn heads, gave them, in our eyes, a singular appearance. There were no worshippers of Fo present, except priests. The Kutuchta, who was about thirty-five years old, several times turned his eyes upon us, which example was followed by the rest.

"From the temple we returned to the treasurer's, where a number of Lamas assembled after the sacrifice was ended. We conversed chiefly with a Lama of the name of Tschen, who is in the personal service of the Kutuchta, whom we had seen to day. Tschen Lama is about forty-two years old, descended from a distinguished family among the eastern Mongols, and was educated at Pekin; he had travelled through the whole of Tibet and Mongolia, and the northern provinces of India bordering on Tibet, and converses fluently in the Chinese, Mongol, Tibetan, and has some knowledge of the Mantchoo language. He inquired about our journey, Russia, and its capital, our birth-places, &c. On his part he told us very candidly that the emperor had the same influence over the temporal and over the spiritual affairs of his extensive dominions; the Chubilgans and Kutuchtas are chosen by his command, and even the appointment of the Dalai Lama depends entirely on his power. Only the common people, especially the Tibetans and Mongolos, worship their high priests under the name of Kutuchta or Guga. The Chinese particularly value the moral precepts of Confucius, and even those of Lo-utsu.

"Tschen Lama told us that the Dalai Lama had not appeared, that is, had not been installed in Tibet for five years; one of the priests there would have been chosen, but the late emperor Kia-King required three candidates, and all out of the province of Sutchuen.—Does not, perhaps, the Chinese government dread the conquest of Tibet by the English? should these conquerors of Bengal take possession of a country so highly venerated by all professors of Lamaison, which would not be so difficult for them at present, the Dalai Lama would remain in their power; his worshippers, the Mongols, Kalmucks, and other nations, might become true and zealous allies of the English, and facilitate their farther conquests in Middle Asia. We know that the English missionaries who reside at Selenginsk, in the government of Irkutsk, diligently study the Mongol language, which is spoken by many of the Tibetan Lamas. Of this we had a proof to-day: a Lama, a native of Lassa, the capital of Great Tibet, who had lately arrived at Pekin, spoke the Mongol quite fluently with Mr. Rasgildjujew. He mentioned that persons sometimes came from Persia to Tibet who wore cloth dresses and long swords."

The value of some of these speculations is not much; but the accounts altogether are so curious, an epitome of, if not entire translation of M. Timkowski's Journal would, we think, be popular in any other European language. In the mean time, the abridgment in the Annual Cabinet is extremely acceptable, and enough itself to recommend this next little volume to universal favour.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 265. *Marmion, accompanied by Lord Lyon, viewing the Scottish Camp from Blackford-hill; Edinburgh in the distance.* T. M. Richardson.—To an historical event, the theme of a beautiful poem, and thus doubly interesting, the artist has given a local identity, and we are led by his skill to contemplate the subject in a new character. Though we are not permitted, from the nature of its situation, to examine more fully the detail belonging to the performance, yet, from its general effect, we are led to give due credit to it for expression and execution, and to consider the picture as embodying the splendours of romantic chivalry with the poetry of art. The intervening space between the foreground objects and the extreme distance presents forms half seen through haze and mist, allowing scope for the imagination to fill up as it may. There is another example of this kind of effect, by the same artist, in No. 46, *The Sun dispelling a Mist*—view near Lithlingow, Scotland, in which, as well as in his two other pictures, Nos. 321 and 346, Mr. Richardson has displayed not only great talent for the picturesque, but a style peculiarly adapted to the nature of his subjects.

No. 37, *Fresh Arrivals*. H. Pidding.—There is a whimsicality in this title that might lead us to suppose it applied to the visitors of the Continent, or of some of our much frequented watering-places, instead of being a basket of fish poured out fresh and sparkling from the ocean. The painting is, however, well calculated to catch the attention, and create an admiration of the artist's skill. The shining and prismatic colours of the fish are lavishly repeated, and with a brilliancy and variety not to be surpassed. The composition is not quite so well managed as the execution; but enough has been done to exhibit a performance which, in this department of art, would do credit to any collection.

No. 39. *Learning to Ride*. T. Woodward.—A lively little Gainsborough-like subject, and a meet companion to a former picture by this artist, in which, if our recollection serves, the same pony was introduced: a very allowable hobby, no doubt, but we recommend it not to be mounted too often, lest the painter should be thought unable to stir without it.

No. 14. *Landscape, Evening, with Figures*. P. Reinagle, R. A.—In the compositions of this artist we discern a portion of the Italian and a portion of the Flemish school; in which successful union Mr. Reinagle has kept his eye on the varied effects of storms and sunshine, repose or motion, as the elements or atmosphere diversify the scene. Among these we are inclined to prefer No. 88, *Landscape, with Stormy Aspect*. No. 87 is marked as in the style of Ruysdael. Affinities of a similar kind may readily be traced in many other of this artist's productions.

No. 143. *The Submit of Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover*. J. Banden.—Any ordinary representation of the bold and fearful cliff, as described by our immortal bard, must have failed. The rules of composition, the arrangement of forms and accessories, would have interfered and broken the charm; there would have been no play for the imagination. In the partial view given by the artist there is great skill and judgment, and the idea of the fearful and giddy height is conveyed to the mind in a truly original way; and what is lost, as a well-poised whole, is amply supplied by more characteristic features.

No. 378. *The Stupid Apprentice*. L. Cope.—In addition to the skill which this artist always displays in his compositions, and more especially in character and expression, it is to be wished he would adopt a more lively style of painting. What however, his performences may lose in a public exhibition, they will gain as apartment pictures; provided the humour of his subjects are equal to the picture under notice, in which the tragi-comedy of juvenile suffering has been very successfully displayed.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS evening Mr. Mathews will be found "At Home," with an entirely new entertainment, which is said to be the joint production of his son and his former able and experienced coadjutor Mr. Peake. To criticise what is not yet before the public may hardly be considered fair, yet having, like *Paul Pry*, "just dropped in" at Theatre during the Tuesday's rehearsal, we cannot resist giving our readers a short account of what we saw and heard, and congratulating them upon the amusement we have no doubt they will enjoy. The subject which Mr. Mathews has chosen for the present season is simply a week's list of his invitation cards; and after a neat and pointed address to his audience, he forms his entertainment out of a description of these several parties, and of some of the individuals with whom he becomes acquainted. Amongst the characters whom he introduces to our notice, one of the best is *Mr. Shakely*, an old valetudinarian, who is so nervous "that every knock at the door reverberates in his hollow tooth," and so sensitive that he complains of a draught of air in the room, "from the key being placed cross-ways in the lock." Another very admirable sketch is that of the Scotch professor, *Mr. Mac Rhomboid*, an absolute matter-of-fact man, who stops you in the midst of an anecdote to inquire into some trifle, with the most provoking accuracy, and who attends to every thing in a story—except the points. The *Old Lady* also, who recollects you when you were a child; *Sir Harry Skelter*, who travels all over the world, and "can see nothing remarkable;" *Mr. Popper* the sportsman, who shoots with a long-bow; and *Mr. and Mrs. Dillberry*, with their clever children,—are well drawn, and contribute their full share of the diversion. Of the songs, those which appear likely to be the most popular are,—*London at Five o'Clock in the Morning*; *the Opera-House*, with some good imitations of Velluti, Porto, and De Begnis; and the *Election*, with the excellent speech of the Irish barrister. There is, besides, a capital description of a Pic-Nic to Norwood, and a Receipt, á la Kitchener, for making a Quadrille Party, which is one of the happiest parodies that has ever been attempted. In addition to these drolleries, however, there is one feature in this entertainment of a very different nature. Mr. Mathews for once visits a gambling-house, and this gives him an opportunity of describing *Young Ardourly*, a Yorkshire gentleman, of good property, who in a short period loses his fortune at the gaming-table, involves his whole family in the ruin, and finishes his days in a mad-house. This scene, by the excellent manner in which it is acted, appeals most powerfully to the feelings; and it is but justice to say, that we do not think the most highly-gifted of our tragic actors could express the different passions which are there portrayed with greater fidelity, or more appalling effect. It is alone a great moral lesson. The third part, which always forms more particularly the dramatic portion of the entertainment, is an Excursion upon the River, in the City Barge; but this, owing to the scenery not being quite ready, was omitted. We must, therefore, defer our account of it to a future time, and take our leave for the present, with an earnest recommendation that all who wish to pass a rational and pleasant evening will order their coachman to the English Opera-House.

STARLIGHT.

THERE come no seasons *there*:—our earthly year
Varies from prime to fall, from flowers to snow,
And each new month fresh trophies still doth rear
To Change, the victor of all fields below;—
But ye, oh ye, fair heavens! for ever glow
In the young glory of your natal morn,
When first the realms of space were bade to know
Their starry kings, Creation's earliest-born,
Who should for aye on high yon sapphire thrones adorn.
Thus did ye shine upon the faded past,
Thus will ye shine on far futurity,
With living light, and beauty born to last
When the least earthly things of earth shall be
Passed, like the oar-foam from the settling sea.
Eternity is your "sweet hour of prime:"*
Ye smile at ages; for your destiny
Hath bathed you in some skiey Styx, that time
Might blench no golden tress, nor dim one eye sublime?
Shine on—shine on—ye radiant thousand,† shine!
Ye hosts of heaven, whose everlasting march
Is one enduring triumph! Ye divine
Memorials, on the amethystine arch
Of Nature graven by God! Oh, ye who parch
The hearts of dust for what they may not know,
Tempting yon azure wilderness to search,
As if some glad oasis there did glow—
'Twas but a bright mirage, and will for aye be so!
Familiar strangers! Ye who from our youth
Gleam on our eyes to prove how dark and blind
Is human thought, where Fancy ekes out Truth,
And shadowy dreams usurp the place assign'd
To life's realities, from which the mind
Flies to ideal worlds, peopling the stars
With shapes of love and beauty—far behind
The truth of their bright mystery, which it mars,
Because it may not pass Fate's adamantine bars.
The blue Pacific of Infinity,
Gemm'd with the sacred islets of the skies—
Each isle a world upon a sapphire sea,
And every world perchance a paradise!
There only that sweet vision of the wise
And tuneful of past times is *not* a dream—
There only do those ‡ Blissful Islets rise,
Whose fame yet murmurs on the Muse's stream,
But whose proud shades did ne'er on mortal waters gleam.
Say, ye who shone on Zoroaster's eye,
And lit the midnight towers of golden Tyre,
Who smiled more purely, from a softer sky,
On Helen's grave and Homer's wakeful lyre—
Have ye known *all*, and must not man aspire
To aught beyond him? Shall no earthly ear
Drink, at dim midnight, from your shining quire
Empyreal music? Can we not draw near,
And read the starry tale of yon mysterious sphere?
No, for the stamp of clay is on the brow—
The fetter'd spirit yearns to soar in vain—
And the ambition of man's thoughts must bow
Beneath mortality's recoiling chain.
Yet tis sweet, though we can ne'er attain
The prize we woo, the lofty race to run:
What though it tempt to yon untrodden plain?
The eagle's burning goal can ne'er be won—
But he may pierce the clouds, and feel the nearer sun!
And this is much—for who would e'er forego,
Beautiful strangers! the delicious power
To make his spirit in your glory glow
At solemn midnight's solitary hour—
To woo the gentle heavens with all their dower
Of thought from immemorial Eld bequeath'd?
Yon high Elysium holds full many a flower
With no Pierian laurel yet enwreath'd—
O that around my lyre one such its incense breathed!
Sweet, passing sweet, to fill those far abodes
With scenes more bright than this dim world e'er knew—
With beings nobler than poetic gods—
With winds whose breath is bliss—with streams whose hue
Pales the clear diamond, as they murmur through
Evergreen woods to seek a deep more fair—
With sacred flowers that shed immortal dew
Round the pure feet of them who wander there,
On starrier skies to muse, in happier fates to share.
But sweeter far to dream that in some world,
Some distant world, that gems the blue night's dome,
The spirit's wings, on earth in darkness furl'd,
May woo the soft winds of a lovelier home!
As § Beauty sprung from the pure ocean-foam,
May not Truth float on the rich depths of song?
But where, oh where, would fond conjecture roam?
Our clueless phantasies may stare too long
The labyrinthine bowers of Night and Heaven among.

J.

* Milton.

† This has been computed to be about the number of stars visible at once to the naked eye.

‡ The Fortunate Islands.

§ Alluding to the mythological account of the nativity of Venus, thence called Aphrodite, i. e. *the foam-born*.